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Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

FIFTY-EIGHT

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The BOYS™

FIFTY-EIGHT

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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IS THIS MAKING YOU UNCOMFORTABLE...?

THE BIG RIDE

part three

UH, NO...

ARE YOU SURE?

YOU DON'T SEEM EXACTLY OVERJOYED TO BE HERE TONIGHT. IN A ROOM WITH A PAIR OF PRE-OPERATIVE TRANSSEXUALS, I MEAN.

WELL, ALL RIGHT, I SUPPOSE IT IS MAKIN' ME UNCOMFORTABLE. MAY AS WELL BE HONEST, EH?

WHY NOT. BUT IMAGINE HOW UNCOMFORTABLE WE FEEL: OUR FRIEND'S BEEN MURDERED, AND THE N.Y.P.D.'S SENSE OF PRIORITY EXTENDS AS FAR AS SENDING TWO BRITISH EXCHANGE OFFICERS.

SO SHOW A LITTLE SENSITIVITY AND STOP LURKING OVER HERE IN THE CORNER, MM?

ALL RIGHT, JESUS CHRIST. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SUCH A...

LITTLE SLIT ABOUT IT? ONLY WAY I KNOW HOW TO BE, SWEETIE-PIE.

...AN' THEN THERE WAS THREE.

YOU MUST BE MADELAINE. C'MON AN' HAVE A SEAT AN' WE'LL GET STUCK IN, MY SON.

SO: JACK TURNS UP AT EIGHT. HE WANTS THREE O' YOU RATHER'N FOUR, SO YER MATE ANASTASIA GOES HOME ABOUT EIGHT-THIRTY. JACK LEAVES AT ONE IN THE MORNIN'.

SO FAR SO GOOD?

YES.

MM.

THAT'S IT.

WHY WAS ANASTASIA THE ONE TO GO? THERE ANYTHING BETWEEN THE TWO O' THEM, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER?

NO.

NOTHING AT ALL.

WELL...

WELL WHAT?

I GOT THE IMPRESSION HE WAS KIND OF SWEET ON HER. FOR A WHILE, ANYHOW.

RECENTLY, NOT SO MUCH.

DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN' ABOUT IT WHEN THE OFFICERS TALKED TO YOU THE OTHER DAY, MADS.

IT'S JUST HOW IT SEEMED TO ME, THINKING THINGS OVER SINCE. DIDN'T REALLY OCCUR TO ME BEFORE.

SO WHEN DID YOU DEVELOP THIS IMPRESSION HE WAS SWEET ON ANI, EXACTLY? WHEN THE TWO OF YOU WERE GIVING HIM A DOUBLE-ANAL, DID IT SEEM LIKE HE LIKED HER JUST A LITTLE BIT BETTER?

WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM--?

WHAT THE FUCK IS YOURS?

I'VE BEEN WITH YOU AND ANI AND JENNA EVERY TIME THAT LITTLE GOBLIN'S BEEN HERE, AND I DON'T RECALL HIM SHOWING THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF AFFECTION FOR ANY OF US. I CERTAINLY DON'T RECALL YOU MENTIONING THIS EVEN ONCE.

YES, WELL MAYBE ANI DIDN'T TELL YOU EVERYTHING, TABITHA...

BUT HE TOLD YOU SOMETHIN', DID HE? 'COS THAT'S AN INTERESTIN' NEW DEVELOPMENT.

I DIDN'T SAY *SHE* DID. I JUST--

LOOK, I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU HERE, OKAY?

YEAH, YOU ARE. YOU'RE GIVIN' US A LINK BETWEEN THE VICTIM AN' THE SUSPECT, WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT COPS LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT.

WHICH HAS BEEN THE PROBLEM WI' THIS SINCE THE BEGINNIN', REALLY.

WE KEEP GETTIN' WHATEVER WE NEED TO GO AFTER JACK FROM JUPITER.

GOOD POINT, CONSTABLE CAMPBELL.

DOC, I WONDER IF YOU'D BE SO GOOD AS TO READ YOUNG MADELINE HIS HOROSCOPE?

WE'LL GIVE 'EM A MINUTE, THEN.

THERE'S SOMETHIN' I'VE BEEN WONDERIN' ABOUT WI' THIS FELLA...

IF HE'S GOT SO MUCH DIRT ON EVERYONE, WHY DO WE NO' GO TO HIM ALL THE TIME? I MEAN WI' THEM FILES O' HIS, WE COULDA SORTED OUT SWINGWING AN' TEK-KNIGHT LIKE *THAT*...

DIRT ON EVERYONE, YEAH. INCLUDIN' A COUPLE O' THE PEOPLE SIGN OUR CHECKS.

THIS IS A SPECIAL CASE, MATE, THE DOC KNOWS THAT AS WELL AS I DO. BUT THERE ARE LIMITS.

THAT'S WHY I PREFER THE LEGEND--

YEEOW!

OH NO! NO! DOCTOR, *PLEASE*--!

WHAT THE FUCK--?

OH, THIS IS BAD NEWS FOR YOUNG MADS, HUGHIE.

DOC PECULIAR DON'T LIKE HIS BOYS USIN'.

THAT SAID, I BET YOU'VE GOT A NICE BIG SYRINGE FULL O' SMACK AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE, AIN'T YOU, DOC? GO AN' GET IT FOR US, WILL YOU?

WHAT?!

'COS I'M GONNA BANG IT INTO THIS LITTLE CUNT'S ARM, AN' THEN WE'RE GONNA SEE WHAT'S WHAT.

YOU'RE NOT COPS...

'COURSE WE ARE, SUNSHINE.

YOU TALKED TO US, DIDN'T YOU?

Transcript QM/SF #8 2/13/88

and now I find out you were rutting with some untermensch the whole time? Is that your idea of dedication?

QM: It was Midnight Lightning, if you really want to know. And I don't recall signing on for some kind of eugenics program.

SF: Silence! Amerikaner sow! I am supposed to be the herald of the coming race, and you have given me a little schwarzer!

QM: Well, maybe if you were packing the gear to do the job, I might not

Transcript QM/SM/IL/PG #33 4/11/90

IL: It's nice when we can get together, just us girls. We don't do it often enough.

SM: Oh, that's good. That's really fucking good. That's better than the usual (indistinct)

PG: The doc always gets the best stuff.

QM: It's even better if you put a little on here like this, and then--okay, brace yourself--

AW JESUS, THERE'S NO END TO IT...

AN' THERE'S FUCK ALL'S GONNA TELL ME ANYTHIN'.

HHHH.

Transcript HL (cell outgoing) 12/2/97

HL: It's me. We're on. Get your ass down here now, like at fucking warp speed. And remember to use the window, it'll be third from the front on the east side, doc's floor.

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' IN HER FILE, SCUMBAG...?

HL: Can you hear me? Did you hear what I said? She's here, she's warming up with a couple of cavemen. I've got about a pound of the doc's best shit. Oh Jesus, don't start with the laughing, not now. This is the moment we've been waiting for.

Look, if you're worried, don't be. She's not going to know until way too late, trust me, I'll take care of it. Just trust me, okay, I promise. It's going to be okay. It's going to be fucking great. Hello?

HL: She'll never know, she won't figure it out until afterwards. We're the same size and everything, it's just too fucking good to be true. It's going to be hilarious.

Okay, I'll take the heavy breathing as a yes. I'll see you soon. Third from the front on the east side. Don't fuck it up or we'll never get another shot.

AW, FUCK--!

FUCKIN' BASTARD.

FUCKER.

Transcript HL/QM/BN #14 12/2/97

QM: You evil fuck! You piece of shit! You cocksucker!

HL: Calm down.

Transcript HL/QM/BN #14 12/2/97

QM: You evil fuck! You piece of shit! You cocksucker!

HL: Calm down.

QM: Calm down my ass! I'll fucking kill you both, you and this brain-dead ape of yours! Don't you fucking laugh at me! Asshole! Cocksucker! Prick!

HL: You'll let us know when you're finished, won't you?

QM: Fuck you! I trusted you! I must have been out of my mind, you made me a fucking laughing stock the last time! You made me into a Goddamn porno exhibition for those motherfuckers at Vought, and now you make me fuck this fucking zombie!

HL: Nobody made

QM: Don't even fucking try that shit! What were you thinking? What kind of sick fucking evil goes through that head of yours?

HL: You really want to know?

QM: Do I--do I want--yes! Yes, I want to know!

HL: I thought, enough time's gone by, I bet I can convince her I'm truly sorry. The stupid whore's in love with me anyway, she wants to think it was a bad thing I did when I was immature but I'm a better person now. Then I'll get her to do something really fucked up. The end.

QM: This isn't happening. This can't

HL: Let's get Maeve to fuck Black Noir, that'll be good for a laugh.

QM: Fucking asshole! Fucking overgrown frat boy piece of shit! You (indistinct)

HL: Bitch.

QM: (indistinct)

HL: Don't overstep.

QM: I'm sorry. Please, you're hurting me. I'm

HL: You ever lay a hand on me again and I will end you, do you understand? I will

JESUS CHRIST ON A FUCKIN' BIKE...!

VINNIE'S COMIC
ACTION FIGU

YA POWERS UH FUCKIN' WEAK, *FAGGUT*...

YA CAN'T WIN, BITCH. YA TAKE ME OUT, I'LL FUCK YA MUTHUH INNA ASS, HOW 'BOUT THAT?

WHAT THE FUCK YA TALKIN' ABOUT? MY MUTHUH'S *YOUR MUTHUH,* YA SICK FUCKIN' PRICK!

I'M *IN CHARACTUH,* YA FUCKIN' JAMOOK! JESUS CHRIST!

DON'T MIND *THOSE TWO* ASSHOLES. IT *WASN'T* JACK...?

NAH, IT WAS ALL A LOAD O' BOLLOCKS. SOMEONE GOT TO THIS ONE TRANNY, THIS MADELINE, AN' BUNGED HER TEN GRAND TO FEED US THE STORY.

ALL VERY CLEVER, HOLD THE BIG NEWS ABOUT JACK BACK FOR THE SECOND TIME AROUND, LIKE HE'D ONLY JUST REMEMBERED IT. ONLY MISTAKE THE CUNTS MADE WAS PICKIN' A JUNKIE.

WHO...?

YEAH, WHO. WHO BEATS A LADYBOY TO DEATH TO FRAME JACK? WHO KNOWS *WE'LL* BE SNIFFIN' AROUND, AN' PLANTS THE STORY THEY THINK WE'RE DYIN' TO HEAR?

WHO KNOWS ABOUT DOC PECULIAR'S IN THE FIRST PLACE, COME TO THAT...?

AN' WHO THE HELL WANTS THE ***BOYS*** ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH ***SEVEN,*** WHICH IS THE OBVIOUS WAY FOR IT TO GO...

THAT'S THE PART DON'T MAKE NO SENSE. NOBODY WINS THAT ONE.

MADELINE SAID THEY JUST KNOCKED ON HIS DOOR ONE DAY. ASIAN BIRD AN' A BLACK LAD, CASUAL CLOBBER, LOCAL ACCENTS.

MEANS NOTHIN'. UNLESS IT'S SORT OF A GO AT THROWIN' US OFF THE SCENT BY BEIN' WEIRD, WHICH IS JUST...I DUNNO...

CLUMSY. LIKE THE REST OF THE ***GODDAMN THING.***

WELL, WE AIN'T FALLIN' FOR IT, WE AIN'T PUTTIN' OUT THE FOOTAGE O' JACK. NOT THAT I'M GONNA PHONE THE BASTARD AN' TELL HIM HE'S IN THE CLEAR.

WHICH BRINGS ME TO MAEVE, BY A BIT OF A ROUNDABOUT ROUTE. WHAT'S THE STORY THERE?

AH, SHE...

SHE ***GOT SCARED.*** PULLED THE DAMN BUGS HERSELF.

SAID WHATEVER'S GOIN' ON WITH VOUGHT AN' THE HOMELANDER, THINGS'RE JUST TOO ***HOT*** RIGHT NOW...

YEAH? HOW HOT DOES SHE THINK IT'LL GET IF I CALL VOUGHT MESELF AN' TELL 'EM WHAT SHE'S BEEN UP TO?

HEY, DON'T GO TALKIN' ***CRAZY...*** YA HURT HER AN' YA DON'T GET ***NOTHIN' AT ALL...!***

APART FROM A NICE WARM FEELIN' INSIDE.

NOW *LISTEN*...

YOU LISTEN. THEY'VE BEEN TALKIN' NEARLY NON-STOP SHITE ON THEM THINGS FOR AGES, AN' JUST WHEN LIFE STARTS TO GET INTERESTIN' SHE BOTTLES IT? NO BLOODY WAY.

YOU AIN'T GETTIN' SENTIMENTAL ABOUT THE BITCH, ARE YOU...?

'COS I KNOW YOU USED TO GIVE HER ONE FROM TIME TO TIME. I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS JUST FOR A LAUGH--

JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST, WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE *TALKIN' TO*...?

'CAUSE IF YOU--

I THINK I'M TALKIN' TO THE BLOKE USED TO TELL MALLORY NEVER, ***NEVER*** TO GET SOFT ON THE BASTARDS. THE BLOKE SAID NINE-ELEVEN WAS A FULL-ON WAR ATROCITY.

AN' SHE WAS PART O' THAT ONE, REMEMBER. SHE WAS THERE ON THE DAY.

RIGHT, END OF.

TELL HER IF SHE DON'T PUT THE BUGS BACK IN, I'M GONNA WANNA MEET HER MESELF. NON-FUCKIN'-NEGOTIABLE.

WE'LL FIND OUR OWN WAY OUT.

OH MY GOD--

JAMIE, YOU WEIGH A *POUND*...!

OH--

HEY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS--

SORRY!

ACME BATHROO

SORRY, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE--

OH, HUGHIE, STOP IT...

I SHOULD'VE KNOCKED, I'M SORRY.

HUGHIE, DON'T BE A DICK...!

I MEAN WHAT IS IT YOU'RE FREAKED OUT ABOUT, THE NAKED CHICK OR THE FAT HAMSTER?

AYE.

SO.

SHOULD I PUT MY T-SHIRT BACK ON?

UH

SHITE!

SORRY! SORRY, I'VE GOTTA GET THIS! SORRY!

B TXT

Jack footage released

Get here now and watch your back

OH, FUCK ME.

...WITH WHAT APPEAR TO BE **SEVERAL TRANSSEXUALS.** OPINION IS **DIVIDED** ON WHETHER THE IMAGES **ARE GENUINE,** BUT A NUMBER OF EXPERTS **HAVE CONFIRMED** THAT THE FILM IS **NOT A FAKE.**

NO COMMENT HAS **YET BEEN MADE** BY EITHER **THE SEVEN** OR **THE VOUGHT-AMERICAN CORPORATION--**

IC FOOTAGE OF SEVEN HERO JAU

NO!!

BUT THE AFFAIR CASTS **SERIOUS DOUBT** ON THE HERO'S **POSITION** WITH THE **WORLD'S PREMIER SUPERTEAM,** WHO HAVE LONG SERVED AS AN EXAMPLE TO--

NO, NO, NO-NO-NO-NO-NO! THEY'RE NOT GONNA FUCKING DO ME LIKE THIS! BUTCHER AND HIS SICK FUCKING CREW OF FREAKS, THEY'RE FUCKING-FUCKING-FUCKING-FUCKING **NOT!**

THAT'S A LOT OF FUCKING.

FUCK YOU!

I DIDN'T KILL THE FUCKING TRANNY! I DIDN'T! THEY THINK I DID BUT I FUCKING DIDN'T, AND THEY'VE PUT THIS SHIT OUT TO FUCK ME!

I'M AN INNOCENT FUCKING MAN! I AM!

REGARDLESS.

WHAT YOU REALLY ARE IS DONE.

WHAT...?

YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY SURVIVE SOMETHING LIKE THIS. SUPERHEROES DON'T DO THOSE THINGS, IT'S DOES-NOT-COMPUTE TERRITORY FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

YOU'RE OFF-MESSAGE, IS WHAT YOU ARE. VOUGHT'LL BE GETTING READY TO PHOTOSHOP YOU OUT OF THE PICTURE.

I'M A LITTLE SURPRISED WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM THEM ALREADY...

YOU MEAN YOU'RE JUST GOING TO... TO...

OH JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY, WHO THE HELL AM I KIDDING?

WELL I MAY BE FUCKED, BUT I'M NOT GETTING FUCKED ALONE! I'LL TAKE THOSE COCKSUCKERS DOWN WITH ME!

NO YOU WON'T.

I'LL FUCKING-- I'LL TAKE THEM OUT, THAT'S WHAT I'LL FUCKING DO!

WRONG AGAIN.

YOU MIGHT WANT TO REMEMBER THE LAMPLIGHTER...

FUCK OFF, WONDER-TITS! SO WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO ME NOW, AM I GONNA BE FUCKING EXILED? ME AND THE NIGGER FROM TEENAGE KIX, AND MICHAEL FUCKING RICHARDS?

WATCH YOUR MOUTH...

OH, BETTER BY THE MINUTE! NOW I'M TAKING SHIT FROM THE LEAST BLACK BLACK MAN ON THE PLANET!

AND WHAT IS *THAT* SUPPOSED TO MEAN...?

IT MEANS TRY IT IN EBONICS. IT MEANS GIVE IT A LITTLE MORE GHETTO, JUNGLE BUNNY.

NO.

CARPO--!

WANNA TRY IT NOW, FAGGOT? YEAH? WANNA GIVE IT ANOTHER FUCKING TRY NOW?

D'YOU WANT ME TO?

CUT THE SHIT, BOTH OF YOU. THE LAST THING WE NEED RIGHT NOW IS A BAD SITUATION GETTING WORSE.

PAH...

OH NO, WE WOULDN'T WANT ANYTHING FUCKING UP YOUR LITTLE PET PROJECT, WOULD WE?

A *CHILD OF FOUR* WOULD KNOW TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT AT THIS POINT...

OKAY-- OKAY, MAN, I GET IT...!

LOOK, THE LAST THING I WANNA DO IS PISS YOU OFF. BUT I DIDN'T DO THIS, OKAY? I SWEAR IT.

NOW YOU CAN LISTEN TO MY HEARTBEAT IF YOU WANT, BUT I THINK YOU KNOW I'M TELLING THE TRUTH. THEY DON'T KNOW SHIT, BUT THEY'VE FUCKED ME FOR IT ANYWAY--AND YOU MIGHT BE READY TO KICK ME OUT OF THE NEVERENDING PARTY, BUT HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING HERE...?

THEY'RE DOING THIS TO ME, THEY'RE DOING IT TO YOU. TO THE ***SEVEN.*** THEY'VE JUST DECIDED, OKAY, HE'S GUILTY, LET'S FUCK HIM, AND ONE UPLOAD LATER THEY'VE TAKEN DOWN ONE OF THE TOP FUCKING SUPES ALIVE.

IS THAT REALLY HOW EASY IT IS? TO DO ONE OF US?

ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO LET THAT STAND, HOMELANDER?

I MEAN... HOW MUCH SHIT ARE YOU READY TO EAT FOR THESE FUCKS...?

FUNNY THE WAY THINGS GO, SOMETIMES...

HOW SO?

WELL, THE JACK FILM. I KNOW IT SOUNDS DAFT, BUT I SORTA NEVER REALLY THOUGHT WE'D NEED IT. JUST BEIN' IN THE SEVEN SHOULDA BEEN ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM KEEP HIS NOSE CLEAN.

IT'S SUCH A PATHETIC LITTLE LOAD O' SHIT TO START THINGS ROLLIN' OVER. ***HE'S*** SUCH A PATHETIC LITTLE LOAD O' SHIT.

START THINGS ROLLIN'...?

WELL, THEY'RE GONNA THINK WE'RE THE ONES POSTED IT, AIN'T THEY? THAT'S BOUND TO SHAKE SOMETHIN' LOOSE.

WAY I SEE IT, IT WAS AS LIKELY TO BE THIS AS ANYTHING ELSE.

YEAH? NOT SOMETHIN' BIGGER?

THAT AIN'T THE WAY LIFE IS.

SOMETIMES IT IS.

SOMETIMES LIFE'S AS BIG AN' MAD AN' FUCKIN' WIDESCREEN AS IT DESERVES TO BE.

THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS THOUGHT'D KICK THINGS OFF, I SUPPOSE. SOMETHIN' REALLY MENTAL.

WE'RE GOIN' UP TO THE ROOF NOW, MATE. YOU'RE STAYIN' HERE.

NO ARGUMENTS, SON. YOU'RE STAYIN'.

WARF! WARF!

WAARRRF!

AU REVOIR, NOBLE CHIEN DE TERREUR! REMEMBER ME WITH KINDNESS, YES?

UH...I'M NO' BEIN' FUNNY OR ANYTHIN', BUT ARE WE ALL GOIN' UP TO GET KILLED HERE?

HOPE NOT. BUT IF IT DOES COME TO A BARNEY I WANNA BIT O' ROOM TO MANEUVER.

BUT--BUT I MEAN US AGAINST THE SEVEN, IT'S GONNA BE A BLOODY MASSACRE--!

LET'S HOPE IT DON'T COME TO THAT, THEN.

THEY'VE HAD ALL DAY, MATE. THEY'RE GONNA COME AFTER US SOONER OR LATER.

AN' THEY'RE GONNA BE WANTIN' ANSWERS.

21

AYE, BUT I MEAN WHAT THE FUCK'S REALLY GOIN' ON HERE? WHO POSTED THAT BLOODY FOOTAGE ONLINE, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE?

STAIRWAY A ROOF ACCE

DUNNO. BUT I'VE A FUNNY FEELIN' ALL THEIR DREAMS ARE ABOUT TO COME TRUE.

I'M SORRY, I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE EVERYONE'S SO *CALM*...!

WHAT YOU WANNA DO? TRY HIDIN' FROM 'EM?

EVEN IF ONE COULD, I FOR ONE AM NOT INCLINED. IT IS A THING THAT MUST BE FACED EVENTUALLY, PETIT HUGHIE.

OH, FUCK ME.

ANYONE LIVES ANYWHERE ELSE IS A CUNT.

SO IS NOW GOOD?

OR SHOULD WE COME BACK ANOTHER TIME?

next: THE FIRST CASUALTY